DEATH OF MR. GREELEY.

THE PHY OSOPHER DROPS OUT OF LIFE.

Impressive Ending of a Great Career.

SCENES AT HIS DEATHBED.

His Last Words, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth."

PEACEFUL CLIMAX OF A "BUSY LIFE."

Horace Greeley's busy life went out yesterday in one storm of disaster and defeat. While yet the triamphant rejoicings of his opponents are min-gling in the air he glides from the scene. As the appy suggestions of the Thanksgiving season are in every heart, the philosopher and philanthropist, who helped probably more than any contemporancous American to secure the blessings which thanks are given, has yielded up his mortal spirit and quietly and peacefully glided out with the tide." The world was better and nobler for his being in it, and yet he

DIED OF A BROKEN HEART, engendered by the disappointment of a high and worthy ambition, and an accumulation of domestic cares which has not recently had its parallel.

Never, perhaps, have the bitter frosts of Novem ber blasted such promising hopes of May. But five months ago Herace Greeley was the strong, sturdy, eful, almost invincible champion of a great party, pushing on without apparent impediment to the Presidency—a prominent candidate for the highest honors the nation could bestow—the standard-bearer of a regenerated party, the chiefinto the ranks of purest republicanism THE APOSTLE OF AMNESTY AND PRACE,

and within a few short months he lies inanimate. dead of a broken heart, shattered by disaster and

One mile from Pleasantville, on what is termed the "Bedford Road," within a few miles of his wellbeloved farm at Chappaqua, at the residence of his friend, Dr. Choate, the philosopher breathed his last. It is a pleasant old farmhouse of two stories, with plazzas and gables, sitting far back from the road, and overlooking from its billside elevation the long stretch of blue hills towards the Hudson and the low line of blue water level on the Sound. On Thursday of last week Mr. Greeley took up his abode with his friend. "Come with said Dr. Choate, "and I will take care of you." He went, glad to be among the hills of his Chappaqua and away from the busy tongues of intruders and the unsympathetic hum of the city.

His prostration, first considered only a nervous der, rapidly grew more serious, until Dr. Choste felt compelled to call in aid, and Drs. Brown-Sequad, Cracewitzer and Brown responded to his summons. On Wednesday the Philosopher was quite cheerful and everything promised well, but on Thursday-Thanksgiving day-when the nation as one man was rejoicing in the many blessings bestowed upon it, the hero who had so worthily contributed to those blessings was found to be failing fast. In a consultation among the physicians, it was admitted that his life was almost beyond hope, and early yesterday morning it was known that

THE STAUNCH OLD PHILOSOPHER ag. His near personal friends at once con gregated about him and watched with faint hopes the last flickering of his life lamp. During yesterday morning he lay unconscious, breathing heavily but regularly. Early in the day he appeared to re-vive, and the physicians seemed to entertain hopes, so favorable were the symptoms. Dr. Choate put his ear to the heart, however, and said, "Gentlemen, it beats fainter and fainter."

At about one o'clock THE DYING SAGE

opened his eyes, glanced about him, recognized Mr. John R. Stuart, and fainly asked for water. It was offered him, but he did not drink, and sunk back again into a heavy stupor, which was varied only by fitful mutterings, until near six o'clock, when he seemed to recover consciousness again. He looked upon those about him, and said in AN IMPRESSIVE WHISPER

"I know that my Redeemer liveth. It is done." answer to the inquiries of those about him, and at ten minutes of seven, without an apparent throe the life of the great man passed away.

Mrs. Stuart, who had been untiring in her devotion to her life-long friend, had her hand upon his forehead, and John R. Stuart was anxiously counting his pulse when the last breath of his mortal life passed quietly through his lips. Dr. Choate put his hand upon the heart and said "He

THE PRIENDS ABOUT HIS DEATHBED were Whitelaw Reid, Dr. Brown, Dr. Choate, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, Miss Lamson and Mr. Hart. They bent their heads upon their hands and silently wept. His daughter Ida, upon whose head affic-tions have been heaped, was alone in another room, already buried in grief over the blow that was inevitable, and her kind friend, Mrs. Stuart. ughtfufly and gently broke the news of its com-THE REMAINS.

were dressed and laid to await removal, in the parlor, while Dr. Choate, Mrs. Stuart, Miss Law-son and a few other friends remained to watch

The snow had fallen thickly all day, and its heavy white drapery was upon the earth and a driving hall was beating the chilly air as the HERALD reporter entered his sleigh to be driven to Tarry-

IN THAT SLEEPY HOLLOW OF A VILLAGE the lights were yet brightly burning, the jingle of merry sleighbells was making happy suggestions of Winter froics, and the puffing of the railroad engines suggested the untiring and unceasing round that the world's commerce rolls, but on all lips was the one query-"Any news of Uncle Horace ?" The little village seemed filled only with those to whom his death was a personal misfortune. The bartender at the hotel lowered his voice at the mention of the old man's death, the dashing sleighs drew up for a moment that the occupants might inquire if it were really true; and even the railroad officials—those brusque contemners of hu-manity—were more gravely tender of the feelings man's death seemed to have flown abroad upon the wings of the wind, and with it to have shed a gentle sorrow upon all it reached.

MR. GREELEY'S REMAINS will lie at Mr. Choate's house to-day and to-morrow night will probably be brought to the city. The present intention is to bury him from Dr. Chapin's church on Tuesday, but the programme may be changed to suit the desires of such public bodies as propose to take part in the ceremony.

THE SCENE AT THE DEATHBED.

So far as any of his associates knew Mr. Greeley was in almost as good health as usual when, on the day after the election, he wrote the card announce ing his resumption of the editorial charge of the Tri-bune. His sleeplessness was known to have become greatly worse, but for years he had suffered more or less from the same difficulty; and, as is now clear, sufficient allowance had not been made for the intense strain upon him throughout the summer, and specially during the last month of his wife's illness. But it soon became evident that his strength was unequal to the hard task to which he set himself. He wrote only three or four careful articles, no one of them half a column in length. The most notable, perhaps, was that entitled "Conclusions," wherein he summed up his views of the canvas. Par. where he visited them in 1827 and In all he wrote less than three and a half columns 1829, and whither he repaired on quitting Poult-

after mis return, contributing to only four issues of the paper. Two or three times he handed his assistant short articles saying, "There is an idea worth using, but I haven't felt able to work it out properly. You had better put it in shape." At last, on Tuesday, he 12th inst., he abandoned the effort to visit the office regularly and sent for the family physician of Mr. A. J. Johnson, the friend with whom he was a guest, and in whose house his wife had died. Every effort was made to induce sleep, but he grew steadily worse, until it became evident that als case was critical. Dr. George C. S. Choate and others were called in consultation, and finally it was decided to take him Dr. Choate's residence, two or three miles distant from Mr. Greeley's own country home at Chappaqua. Here he received the unintermitting atten-tion of Dr. Choate, and here Dr. Brown-Sequard, Dr. Brown and others were called in consultation. The Insomnia had developed into inflammation of the brain, and under this the venerated patient rapidly sank. At times he was delirious; at other times as clear-headed as ever. He lost flesh and strength with startling rapidity, and in a few days the possibility of his speedy death forced itself into unwilling recognition. It was not, however, until Thursday last that his associates and family brought themselves to admit it, and even then they still clung to his faith in the vigor of his constitution. On Wednesday night he ailed very rapidly. Thursday afternoon and evening he seemed somewhat easier. During the night he slept very uneasily, muttering occasionally and frequently raising his right hand. Toward morning he was more quiet, and between eight and nine o'clock tell into a nearly an unclous condition, which continued, with some intervals, through the day. He made occasional exclamations, but many of them in consequence of his extreme weakness and apparent inability to finish what he began, were le. About noon, however, he said quite Redeemer liveth." During the day he recognized various people, his daughter many times, the mem, bers of his household at Chappaqua, Mr. John R. Stuart and Mr. Reid. On the whole he suffered little, seemed to have no more than the ordinary restlessness which accompanies the last stage of disease. During the day his exremities were cold and there was no pulse at the wrist. The action of the heart was very intermittent and was constantly diminishing in force. He had not asked for water or been willing to drink it since his stay at Dr. Choate's, but during Friday he asked for it frequently. Up to within half an hour of the end he manifested in various ways his consciousness of what was going on around him, and even answered in monosylla-bles, and intelligently, questions addressed to him. About half-past three he said, very distinctly, "It

questions, this was his last utterance. His youngest daughter, Miss Gabrielle, was with him through Thursday evening. Throughout Fri-day the elder daughter, Miss Ida, was in constant attendance, as she had been during the whole of his illness, and of Mrs. Greeley's before him. Other members of his Chappaqua household were present, with Mr. and Mrs. John R. Stuart and a few other friends. Nothing that science or affection could suggest was wanting to ease the last hours. The Wintry night had fairly set in when the inevitable hour came. Without, sleighs were running to and fro, bearing to Chappaqua, the nearest telegraph station, the latest bulletins, which the thousands of anxious hearts in the great city near by kept demanding. Within, the daughter and a few others stood near the dying man, who remained conscious and seemingly rational and free from pain, though now too weak to speak. In the adjoining room sat one or two more friends and the physician. At ten minates before seven o'clock the watchers drew back in reverent stillness from the bedside. The great editor was gone-in peace, after so many struggles; in honor, after so much obloquy.

is done;" and, beyond the briefest answers to

THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON.

Universal forrow for the Death of the Great Journalist-The President's Respect for the Dead Editor.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29, 1872. The report of the death of Mr. Greeley has fallen like a funeral pall upon the people of this city. Though Mr. Greeley's melancholy con-dition had been the universal theme of conversation for several days past, but few were prepared for the news of his death. It seems to come so suddenly that his old friends and political associates in this city are unable to realize his loss, and everywhere sorrow is mingled with surprise at the announcement that he has he had but lately kept in suspense the whole na-tion. In official circles there is but one feeling exed-that of sorrow at the death of the great ournalist.

In conversation with several friends this evening President Grant paid a feeling tribute to the great qualities of the departed philosopher and philanthropist. He sent his regrets to Secretary and Mrs. Fish, saying that he would not attend the reception to-night out of respect for the memory of Mr. Greelev.

SKETCH OF MR. GREELEY.

Horace Greeley was born at Amherst, N. H., Pebruary 3, 1811. He was the third of the seven children of Zaccheus Greeley. His father and mother were both born a few miles eastward of Amherst—the latter in Londonderry, of Scotch-Irish lineage (her maiden name was Woodbu:n), the former in that town or Pelham, of English extraction; but both families had long been settled in that region-the Woodburns since 1723. All his ancestors, so far as there exists any remembrance, were farmers, the Greeleys being generally poor, the Woodburns in of his early youth with his maternal grandfather and was first sent to school from his grandfather's fondness for books and great antness in acquiring the rudiments of education, so that when he was ten years old, like most precocions children, he was the wonder of the neighborhood. When not quite ten years of age is father lost his little property in New Hampshire and removed to Westhaven, Vt., near the head of Lake Champlain, where he remained nearly six years. The first two years were employed in land-clearing upon contract, with the aid of his two sons; the next two in a sawmill, while the boys worked on a small, poor farm; the residue in clearing and farming upon shares. These occupations took much of young Greeley's time, but he was still able to devote nimself to the acquisition of knowledge, and he read with avidity everything in the shape of a book which could be found in the neighborhood. When he was only eleven years old he made an attempt to find employment as an apprentice to the printing business, but he failed on account of his extreme youth, and it was not till he was in his fifteenth year that his ambition in this respect was gratified.

MR. GRBELEY'S APPRENTICESHIP. When Mr. Greeley applied for his apprenticeship Mr. Amos Bliss, the manager and a part proprietor of the paper, was in the garden in the rear of his house, planting potatoes. He was not with-out a quick appreciation of the youth's talents, and when one of his apprentices said to him, "You're not going to hire that tow-head, Mr. Bliss, are you!" he answered:— "I am; and if you boys are expecting to get any fun out of him you'd better get it quick or you'll be too late. There's something in that tow-head, as you'll find out before you're a week older."
After some negotiation Mr. Bliss accepted him, and
then begun his apprenticeship at Poultney. Thus
early in the year 1°26 he entered as an apprentice the printing office of the Northern Sp at East Poultney, Rutland county, Vt. Here he remained more than four years, until late in June, 1830, when the paper was discontinued. Meantime his father and the fall of 1826 to Wayne, Erle county,

ney, in 1830. Working by spells on their rude wilderness farm, and when opportunity offered, at his trade, in Jamestown and Lodi, N. Y., and in Eric, Pa., he remained in that region for little more than a year, finally quitting it, when work ran out, about the 1st of August, 1831, for New York, where he arrived on the 16th of that month, to begin a career as remarkable as any in the history of personal struggle and success in this country.

MR. GREELEY'S FIRST YEARS IN NEW YORK, The story of Mr. Greeiey's entrance into the busy life of the metropolis has been told too often t need repetition now. His coming to New York was the bold attempt of an awkward, unsophisticated youth to stem a current, which is difficult the strongest and most experienced. Without money and without friends he threw himself in the whirlpool, and by hard work he overcame all the obstacles which beset him. As is always the case with young men contending with fortune, the first years of his metropolitan life were full of bitter-ness. During his first year and a half in this city he in 1833, in connection with another young printer, he purchased materials, and undertook the printing o a cheap daily newspaper for a man who failed soon afterward. Other printing was soon procured, less promising, but better paid. His firs partner was suddenly taken away by drowning, in July. Another took his place. The concern was he issued, without subscribers, and almost without friends, in a city where he was hardly known beyond the circle of his boarding house and his small business, the first number of the New Yorker, a weekly journal, devoted to popular literature and an impartial summary of transpiring events That paper was continued a few years, having a circulation which rose at one time to over nine

thousand. WR. GREELEV'S WARRIAGE.

Mr. Greeley was married while he was editor of the New Yorker to Miss Mary Young Cheney, a pretty New England lady, whom he met at the Graham House. Miss Cheney was by profession a teacner, and she had taken an engagement in North Carolina, where Mr. Greeley married her. Of her early domestic economy Mr. Greeley said !— Of her early domestic economy Mr. Greeley said —
My wife, whose acquaintance I made at the Graham House, and who was long a more faithful, consistent disciple of Graham than I was, in our years
of extreme poverty kept her house in strict accordance with her convictions, never even deigning an explanation to her friends and relatives
who from time to time visited and temporarily sojourned with us; and, as politeness usually repressed complaint or inquiry on their part, their
first experiences of a regimen which dispensed
with all they deemed most appetizing could hardly
be observed without a smile. Usually a day, or at
most two, of beans and potatoes, boiled rice, puddings, bread and butter, with no condiment but
salt, and never a pickle, was all they could abide;
so, bidding her a kind adieu, each in turn departed
to seek elsewhere a more congenial hospitality.

They lived together till within a few weeks,
when Mrs. Greeley's death occurred, so soon to be

when Mrs. Greeley's death occurred, so soon to be band. They had three children, two girls and a boy, the latter of whom was particularly bright and gave extraordinary promise, but died in his early childhood, leaving a vacuity in his doting parent's heart that has never been filled. He had ormed the brightest hopes of his boy, and under the bereavement his philosophy for a time gave way completely. His two daughters, Gabrielle and Ida, survive their parents.

MR. GREELEY BEGINS POLITICS. In 1838 Mr. Greeley may be said to have begun his political career. Mr. Seward was then the whig candidate for Governor of New York, and Mr. Weed who, of the three, alone survives, was his faithful servitor and friend. At Weed's suggestion Greeley was induced to go to Albany in that year to edit a campaign paper, and then began the famous part-nership of Seward, Weed and Greeley, which was not dissolved till Seward's second election to the United States Senate. Greeley's letter dissolving the partnership is one of the most remarkable do uments in our political history, its most surprising feature being the revelation of a desire for office, which none of Mr. Greeley's friends had suspected but which afterward took shape in various unsuc eessful candidacies, the last being the ineffectual attempt to attain the Presidency of the United States. The Alpany campaign paper was not a work that made no figure and created no sensa-tion; but I loved it and did it well." This was followed by the Log Cabin in 1840, a campaign paper in the interest of General Harrison, whose cause Mr. Greeley warmly espoused. The paper was very successful, and to it Mr. Greeley owed his reputation and subsequent prosperity, and the political experience thus acquired was exceedingly useful to him in

STARTING THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE. The Tribune, with which Mr. Greeley's life was identified, was begun on the 10th of April, 1841. In the following Autumn the Weekly Tribune was since been identified. His energy, talent and experience, and \$1,000 borrowed from his friend James Coggeshall, were the only capital upon which the paper started. It succeeded, while hunother ventures equally promising failed; but it did not succeed without difficulty The publication office was at No. 30 Ann street. thousand copies of the first number were printed. and Mr. Greeley afterward acknowledged that he found difficulty in giving them away. The expenses of the first week were \$525, the receipts \$92. pennes of the first week were \$020, the receipts \$v2.

After four months Mr. Thomas McEirath became a
partner in the paper, and at the end of the first
year its success was established. In that year it
had already taken ground in favor of Fourierism, or the principle of association—a principle which was afterward applied in a wonderful form to the Tribune establishment. This was the Tribune's first "sensation," and its second the famous libel suit with J. Fenimore Cooper, the novelist. The third feature was Margaret Fuller's accession to the paper and the engrafting of woman's rights among the progressive ideas advocated by Mr. Greeley's journal. These things are the history of the Tribune as it has been told over and over again; but deeper than these is the real history of Mr. Greeley's life and labor, though it is unnecessary to recount his early struggles in journalism for they are the history of every successful journal now published in New York, pre-eminently of the

Mr. Greeley was elected to Congress in 1848 to fill a vacancy and served in that body from December 1 of that year to March 4, 1849, distinguishing himself chiefly by his endeavors to reform the abuses of the mileage system. But he failed to make a marked figure in the House of Representatives and never afterwards was a member any deliberative body, except the late Constitu-tional Convention in this State, where his failure was almost equally signal. The editorial chair and the lecture room were his proper spheres, and in these he had the most influence and exerted the greatest power.

MR. GREELEY AS AN AUTHOR.
In 1850 a volume of his lectures and essays was published under the title of "Hints Toward Reforms." In 1851 he made a voyage to Europe, and during his stay in England served as one of the jurymen at the Crystal Palace Exhibition. After his return he published a volume entitled "Glances at Europe." In 1856 he published a "History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension or Restriction in the United States from 1787 to 1853," His later works were "The American Conflict," a history of the civil war; "Recollections of a Busy Life," an autobiography, published in 1868; a work on pelitical economy, written to enforce his notions about Protection, and "What I Know About Farming," a title that has been oftener parodled than the title of any book in the history of literature. It will is no more, that in the autobiography alluded to Mr. Greeley showed how the love of his profession and the pride in its advancement were expressed in the desire that on his tombstone the words, "Founder of the Tribune," should alone appear

MR. GREELEY IN A PRENCH PRISON. One of the episodes of Mr. Greeley's life was his incarceration in the Clichy prisen in Paris in 1856, on the occasion of his second visit to Europe. M. Leschesne, a sculptor, had sent a statue to the New York Palace Exhibition, 1882, which had been broken and destroyed. Hearing that Mr. Greeley was in Paris the sculptor caused his arrest, as a

director and representative of the Crystal Palace statue. As ball could not be readily obtained in a strange city upon short notice Mr. Greeley had no alternative but to go to jail, and to jail he went. He was soon visited by Mr. Mason, the American Ambassador, and other friends, and a lawyer was secured for him. It was shown that the effects of the association were in the hands of a receiver and that Mr. Greeley was not personally liable under the laws of this State, proofs of which secured his release, and he left the prison with the quaint comment that his last opportunity for learning French had passed away.

MR. GREELEY IN CALIFORNIA. In 1859 Mr. Greeley made his famous visit to da, travelling thither by way of Kansas, Pike's Peak and Utah. He was everywhere well received, and in the larger places in California was welcomed by the municipal authorities and citi-zens, whom he publicly addressed on politics, the that visit is one that will be recalled with peculiar pleasure:-The citizens of Placerville had prepared to fete the great journalist, and an extra coa extra relays of horses, was chartered of the California Stage Company to carry him from Folsom to Placerville—distance forty miles. The extra was in some way delayed and did not leave late in the afternoon. Greeley was to be feted at seven o'clock that evening by the citizens of Placerville, and it together necessary that he should be there by that hour. So the stage company said to Henry Monk, the driver of the extra, "Henry, this man must be there by seven o'clock to-night." And Henry answered, "The great man shall be there." Such a ride journalist never got before. Mr. Gree ley was terribly joited, being tossed about the stage without mercy, and to all his expostulations to lessen his speed Monk would only answer, "I've got my orders! I work for the Californy Company, I do. That's what I work for. They said, 'Git this man through by seving.' An' thi man's going through. You bet! Ger-long! Whooep!" And he did get through by "seving." Monk was on time. There is a tradition that Mr Greeley was indignant for a while; then he laughed and finally presented Mr. Monk with a brand new suit of clothes.

MR. GREELBY'S LATE CAREER. Mr. Greeley's career since the beginning of the civil war is too well known to need anything more than a few words of reference. He heartly supported Mr. Lincoln when a candidate for President in 1860 and again in 1864. He favored the war but in a way so erratic that it has become historic. After the struggle was over he bailed the rebel chief and went heartily in favor of amnesty. This made him exceedingly popular with the South and the result was his nomination for the Presidency at Cincinnati and Baltimore. story of that canvass need not be recounted, but with it is bound up the last links of Mr. Greeley's history, and his life went out with the expiration of his political hopes. It was a life to which may be well applied the word of his own adoption busy." Labor was with him the only pathway to happiness and content. He began to work in his infancy, and never ceased to think and write while life and strength lasted. Few men have been more outspoken and few have done so many things which at the time were less in harmony with public opinion. His warfare upon slavery was begun at a time when the overwhelming sen timent was against any interference with the peculiar institution of the South. His efforts at reconciliation and peace during the rebellion were made when the country was irrevocably deter, mined upon the successful prosecution of the war. His journey to Richmond to place his name upon the ballbond of Jefferson Davis raised a storm of condemnation which few men could have allayed. But Mr. Greeley not only outlived all these things but he even succeeded in becoming the candidate for the Presidency upon his own ground of the party whose life-long enemy he had been. The work of the campaign and the serrow incident to the death of his wife, which occurred only a few days before the election, undermined his strength. and the reaction proved too much for his constitu

MR. GREELEY'S PERSONAL HABITS. Much has been said of Mr. Greeley's eccentricities, especially by the so-called correspondents of ntry press. One of these, facetiously correcting the other, said of him :-

Perhaps I ought to say here that the commo Perhaps I ought to say here that the common impression about freeley's mode of life is not correct. While in the city, away from his home up the Hudson, he does not, as is generally supposed, board at the pie and peanut stands on the Park, nor does he sleep on a hard sofa in one of the back rooms of the Tribune office. He eats at the Maison Doré, and has a nice room in Twenty-fourth street, handsomely furnished with election returns and tariff statistics. The rumor that when he comes to town on Monday morning he brings five days' rations of boiled turnips from his farm to last him till Friday night, when he returns to his rural

And another writer says:-

And another writer says:—
Several hundred volumes have been written upon Mr. Greeley's peculiar and slovenly dress, which, like everything else connected with him, has been grossly caricatured. He is neither a Brummel nor a D'Orsay sartorially. He wears old-fashioned clothes and puts them on carelessly. His pantacions sometimes slip up to his boot tops and his cravat to one side, but he is too busy to notice such trifies. He is always scrupuleusly neat. His linen, though often limp and crumpled, is immaculately clean, and his garments are rarely ragged or threadbare.

OBITUARY.

Selah B. Strong. Selah B. Strong, an eminent jurist and Judge of the Supreme Court of New York, died at his residence, St. George Manor, Setauket, L. I., yesterday, in the eighty-first year of his age. He was born in Brookhaven, L. I., on the 1st of May, was born in Brookhaven, L. I., on the 1st of May, in the year 1792, and, having received a good preliminary education, graduated with honor at Yale College in the year 1811. He chose the profession of law as his pursuit in life, and was admitted, after constant application in its study, to the Bar in 1814. As a lawyer he was highly esteemed by his associates and the public. He was chosen and acted as Attorney for Sunfolk county. He served as representative in Congress from the year 1843 to 1845. In the year 1847 he was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court, conveying with him to the Bench the same clevated ideas of integrity, honor and impartiality by which he was ever distinguished and endeared to his fellow citizens and more immediate personal friends.

OBSEQUIES OF ROBERT J. DILLON.

St. Patrick's Cathedral was crowded to repletion resterday during the funeral service performed over the remains of Robert J. Dillon. Rev. Father Ducey officiated, assisted by Rev. Fathers McMame and Kane, the Deacon and Sub-Deacon, and Rev. Father Kearney, Master of Ceremonies. The pallbearers were Messrs. Israel Corse, Birnese, Sherman, Brower, Jones, Abraham R. Lawrence, Charles O'Conor, Hatton, Royal Phelps, Redmond, Dr. Anderson, Ledwith, Harris, Dr. Keep and Dr. Van Buren. The body, enclosed in a casket covered with a heavy black pail, was received at the entrance of the cathedral by the Rev. Father Kearney, and was borne in solemn procession up the central aisle to the catafajue prepared to receive it. A requiem mass was then celebrated. Archbishop McCloskey and Bishops Lynch, McNierny and Quinlan were in the chancel, and when the mass was concluded the absolution was chanted by the venerable Archbishop, who also, in a brief address, paid a culogistic tribute to the high moral character and benevolence of the deceased.

Among those present in the body of the cathederal were the children of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum and the Sisters of Charity, together with Chief Justice Daly, Augustus Schell, John McKeon, H. C. Hoguet, and many others.

At the clese of the services the remains were buried in the family plot in the cemetery adjoining the cathedral.

ILLNESS OF THE POET MACDONALD. and Kane, the Deacon and Sub-Deacon, and Rev

ILLNESS OF THE POET MACDONALD.

Rev. George Macdonald, the peet, centinues se-riously ill at the residence of Dr. Abraham Coles, Scotch Plaius, near Elizabeth, N. J. The Doctor, in scotta ristus, near inizaceth, N.J. The boctor, in answer to an inquiry, says the prostrate poet "is laboring under a severe cold, affecting his lungs, accompanied with a good deal of prostration, which, in my judgment, would make it in the highest degree imprudent for him to attempt public speaking at present.

A POOLISH ACTOR'S PATE.

A Mr. Plorence, who is said to be a New York actor, but not the comedian of that name, foolishly jumped from a train going out of Newark on Thanksgiving night. He had gotten on the wrong train. His head was crushed, so that his recovery

PERILS OF THE RAIL.

and Lackawanna Railroad.

A Whole Train Going Over a Fifteen Foot Embankment-One Man Killed and Every Passenger More or Less Injured.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 29, 1872. A disaster occurred yesterday on the Syracus and Binghamton division of the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad by which one man was killed and several others dangerously wounded It seems that a passenger train left here at half-

past twelve P. M., with a baggage car and two passenger coaches. When near Jamesville, seven miles south of Syracuse, the train going at an unusually high rate of speed, the engine mounted the track and, after running about five rods on the ties, plunged down an embankment fifteen feet high, dragging the train with it. The engine was completely stripped of everything that could be detached and lay half embedded in mud beneath the first passenger coach, which was thrown upon its side. The other coach was turned bottom up-ward and badly smashed. The baggage car lay

The second coach caught fire from the overturned stove. The uninjured passengers succeeded in exmust have followed.

The only man killed outright was Peter Mehan the engineer, a resident of this city. He stood bravely by his post, and was burned and scalded to death beneath the ruins. H. Tibbets, the fireman, was badly scalded, and it is feared he will not re-

was badly scalded, and it is feared he will not recover.

Nearly every passenger was more or less injured, and, looking at the wreek, it seems impossible that any should have escaped death. Seats, stoves and doors were jammed together; the sides and tops of cars were broken in, and through the first baggage car a twenty-four-foot rail protruded.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin K. Hoyt, of this city, were among the injured, the latter very seriously on the forehead and chest. Seth D. Baker, of this city, received severe bruises about the head and back. A woman and child, name unknown, were seriously injured.

The dead and wounded were brought to this city.

The accident is said to be traceable to the wornout iron of the track.

Indignant Citizens Calling the Company

Syracuse, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1872. In accordance with a published call a large public meeting was held this evening to express views on the management of the Syracuse and Binghamton Railroad. Ex-Mayor Stewart called the meeting

Rairroad. Ex-Mayor Stewart called the meeting to order, and Professor Andrew D. White, President of the Cornell University, presided. The chairman reviewed the management of the road, which he declared was infamous and worse than any other road he had ever travelled upon. Yesterday's disaster, resulting in death, was simply murder.

Ex-Senator Kennedy and others denounced the management in equally strong terms. The meeting adopted resolutions calling upon the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad Company to reform the evils complained of, and demanding the removal of Mr. P. Elmendorf Sloan, the present superintendent of the road. A committee was appointed to circulate memorials for signature, asking the Governor to interfere if the company rejused to reform the management.

Accident on the Vermont Central. CONCORD, N. H., Nov. 29, 1872.

The down passenger train over the Vermon central Railroad, which arrives here at half-past three P. M., ran into the rear end of a freight train at South Royalton this noon. No definite particu-lars can now be learned except that severa freight cars were badly smashed, as was also the freight cars were badly smashed, as was also the forward part of the locomotive and baggage car of the freight train.

A Crash Near Gilmore's Babel.

Boston, Nov. 29, 1872.
The accommodation train from Providence this vening, when near the Collseum, ran into the rear of a freight train. None of the passengers were hurt. The engine was ruined, several freight cars wrecked and four horses killed.

SCOTLAND'S SAINT.

The Festival of St. Andrew-Reunion Scots Throughout the World. St. Andrew's Day recurs once more, and the

hearty men of the heath and highland welcome it.

To-night, wherever a number of Scotia's sons may be, they will joyfully assemble to enliven their of "auld Albin;" and if there be a solitary Scot unable to gather with his fellow countrymen it may easily be imagined that he will not allow the lapse of the night without having inspired himself with a deep potation of the "barley brew," first consecrated with a heartfelt invocation of St. Andrew. For a Scotchman to fail to honor St. Andrew and admire genial "Bobbie Burns" would be a crime; and to express that failure on such a night as this would be to court the unpleasant bestowal of the collar of "thistle and rue," which is the adornment of a loyal "Knight of St. Andrew." But every Scot sacrifices the shrewdness and caution which are customarily associated with his character, and gives his unquestioning belief to the legendary assurance that St. Andrew is his own and his country's patron. He scorns the idea that his traditions are unstable of foundation. The glamour of patriotism is upon his mental eyes and he spurns whoever would perform upon them an operation for ophthalmia. The legend upon which the Scots base their claims to St. Andrew for their patron is, however, a poetical tag to the authentic account of the disciple, and might easily be credited even by those who have not earnest patriotism to move them to belief. However, the Saint was of such repute throughout the world that relies of him were engerly sought for on all sides, and, as is usual in such a case, many were procured by searchers. So now there are so many traditionary records of the disposition of his divided body that the claim of the North Britons to have had it in its entirety brought to their country is disputed by many biographers of sanctided persons. However, it is conceded that the arm of the gody man was conveyed to Scotland by a plous monk named Regulus, or Rule, and deposited in a church which he built, where now is the cathedral in the city of St. Andrews. From this fact may have come the enduring idea that the arm of the Saint was the shield of the people by whom it was preserved. The adoption of the Saint as the special protector or patron of Scotia followed naturally. Thus having given the traditionary account of the Saint, it is proper that some recital of the life of this holy "fisher of men" should be given. The Saint was the brother of Simon Peter, and with him pursued the calling of a fisherman on the Lake of Genesareth. When St. John the Baptist beyan to preach penance in the desert Andrew went to hear him. He finally became a disciple of St. John and went with him on his journeyings. On the day when St. John, seeing Jesus pass, cried out to his disciples, "Behold the Lamb of God," Andrew and another of the group followed their radings of fishers in the pure wat

DION VS. DEERY.

Shocking Accident on the Delaware Cyrille Dion Wins the Billiard Match and Retains the Champion Cue.

THE CHALLENGE OF MAURICE DALY.

The match at the regular four-ball game for the championship of America and the diamond cue, between Cyrille Dion and John Deery, was played last evening at Irving Hall. A large gathering of billiard admirers met last evening at Chris. O'Connor's shortly after seven o'clock and discussed the prospects of the game. There did not appear to but what little there was done was at about one hundred to sixty on Dion. The Paris mutual pools were not very largely patronized, as only fortyfive tickets were sold-twenty-eight for Dion and seventeen for Deery. As usual there was considerable delay before the

contestants for the

CHAMPIONSHIP
made their appearance at Irving Hall, as they considerately gave the spectators plenty of time to get seated. The match was played upon a new bevelled, four-pocket table, of the regular dimensions, 5%x11. At eight P. M., the time appointed for the commencement of the match, there were about five hundred gentlemen present, and tney soon began to get a little impatient. The game was 1,500 points up, each carom counting three. The contestants made their appearance about twenty minutes past eight, and then a gentleman came forward and announced that Mr. James Bennett would officiate as umpire for Mr. Dion, Mr. Maurice Daly for Mr. Deery and a gentleman amateur would act as referee. The following challenge to the winner was also read:-

C. O'CONNOR, Esq.:—
DEAR SIR—I hereby challenge the winner of the championship billiard match between Messrs. Cyrille Dion and John Deery, to be played on the 29th inst. to play a match with me, said match to be for the championship of America and the diamond cue and for a stake of 3600 a side. Enclosed please find \$250 (two hundred and fity dollars), being the forfeit required by the rules. Yours, &c.,

MAURICE DALY.

Play commenced at half-past eight. Deery won the bank for the lead, and played up into the left hand corner. Dion then lead off, scoring a carom, and was followed by Deery with 42, cleverly put together. Dion then ran a coup, a manœuvre which was followed by Deery. Cyrille then finding he had better get to work, made a pretty carom, and after repeating let Deery come in with a run of 60. Dion then made a couple of caroms—one twice round the table—missed an easy one, and Deery followed with 21. Dion added 5 to his score, and Deery then made 24 with the help of a scratch. Cyrille then, on his sixth unning, ran up 27, and Deery followed with a bad miss; 18 were then made

and Deery then made 24 with the help of a scratch. Cyrille then, on his sixth tuning, ran up 27, and Deery followed with a bad miss; its were then made by Cyrille, when he ran into a pocket, and Deery went in and missed. Cyrille followed with 30, including a brilliant stroke round the table, and Deery, after making two caroms, left a double baulk. Cyrille missed and Deery made 9 and left them in baulk again. The game at the end of the tenth inning stood.

DEERY 177 AND DION 99.

The next four or five innings did not bring to light any very extraordinary billiards, but was rather tame, if anything. On the sixteenth inning Deery appeared to wake up a little and made 63. This started Cyrille, who immediately took of his coat and went to work with a will. After making twelve caroms he lost the white ball, and concluded with a double baulk and 45 all told. Deery then made 65 and a double baulk, and Cyrille played up the table and scored a carom. At the end of the twentieth inning the score stood.

DEERY 373 AND DION 198.

On the twenty-third inning Dion made 72, cluding a very pretty draw shot, executed 1 difficult position. Deery followed with 57. At end of the twenty-fith inning Deery made a d bie baulk and Cyrille then opened the twenty-si inning with a very brilliant bank shot off the cushions, and made 33 in the break. Deery the put together 63, after which Dion made a miss. The end of the thriteth inning the score stood:

DEERY 573 AND DION 353.

After a little quiet play Dion got them togethe the thirty-fourth inning and was scoring pretty fi when Deery put in a claim of foul, which, hower the referee would not allow. Cyrille went on scing and rolled up 87, when he missed rather easy one. In the following faning Deery made in the party of the party until the forty-fifth inning, when ho missing a simple carom, much to the disgust of interested young man in the background, who given to a howl of disgust. For the next two three innings it was hard to say which man a playing the worst. With appropriate exact Deer

DEERY 865 AND DION 769.

After Dion's shot on the fifty-third inning the took a recess of about five minutes. As play very

After Dion's shot on the fifty-third inning they took a recess of about five minutes. As play versumed a difference of opinion occurred between Mr. Dion and the gentleman amateur who officiaced as referee. It was, however, soon decided, as Mr. Dion accepted the verdict of the referee and the game was resumed. In the fifty-fifth and fifty-sixth innings Deery ran 33 and 35. At the close of the sixteth inning the game stood

DEERY 942 AND DION 812.

On the sixty-fifth inning Dion ran 45 and then had the bad luck, after scoring, to be kissed into a pocket. On the seventieth inning Dion was in hand and made a brilliant bank shot, but by bad-luck went into a pocket. The seventieth inning closed as follows:—

DEERY 1,009 AND DION 908.

The game now became very tedious, as both men were playing wretchedly. At last Cyrille made one of his brilliant bank shots, which he rolled up to a break of 51. The eighteeth inning concluded with the score as follows:—

DEERY 1,123 AND DION 1,013.

In the eighty-second inning Cyrille ran 51 very cleverly, but with his usual good luck ran into a pocket after a brilliant carom. On the eighty-fourth inning he ran 24, and followed with 15 and 33, and on the eighty-secont inning he ran 32, which was nearly double his last big run of 166. The game was now virtually over, as on the ninteth inning Cyrille made a run of 33 and won the match. The following is the score of the game:—

Dion-3, 3, 6, 6, 6, 27, 18, 30, 9, 0, 3, 6, 15, 3, 12, 0, 45, 3, 12, 0, 3, 1, 72, 18, 0, 33, 165, 9, 1, 27, 19, 10, 33, 321, 3, 33-1,502; average, 165;

Deery-42, 3, 60, 21, 24, 0, 8, 6, 9, 6, 6, 0, 24, 6, 0, 3, 6, 53, 6, 39, 6, 0, 27, 0, 57, 21, 6, 63, 9, 0, 0, 3, 6, 33, 6, 30, 21, 24, 0, 8, 6, 9, 6, 6, 0, 24, 6, 6, 0, 15, 0, 6, 15, 1-1,201; average, 133-5.

DISASTERS ON THE LAKES.

Grounding of the Schooner Sunrise and Loss of Three Men-Sinking of the Propeller Burlington-A Day of General Misfortunes to the Shipping.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Nov. 29, 1872. The schooner Sunrise left this port yesterday for Kelly's Island. She was discovered aground this morning near the water works crib, two miles from shore. Three men were lost.

Casualties and Suffering on Lake Erie. DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 29, 1872. DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 29, 1872.

The storm has caught many vessels outlief. The head of Lake Erie is full of ice, and the wind blows

head of Lake Erie is full of ice, and the wind blows a gale from the northwest, with snow.

The propeller Burlington sunk below Bar Point. The schooner Sam Flint and the propeller Philadelphia are ashore below Bar Point.

The tug Torrent, with the schooner J. W. Sargent and five barges, all coal laden, from Cleveland, struck the ice at the islands. Two of the barges sunk; the others and a schooner were abandoned. The schooner Eveline is anchored off Scarecrow Island, Thunder Bay, with a signal of distress dying. It cannot be approached on account of the ice.

The schooner Minnie Corbett is beached two miles north of Lincoln. The captain and crew reached the shore safely, but with hands and feet frozen. A Heavily Laden Schooner Ashore.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Nov. 29, 1872. The schooner William Elgin, from Hamilton for

Oswego, laden with wheat, is ashore thirty miles below this port.

A JERSEY HOTEL BURNED.

Early yesterday morning a fire broke out in Pollock's Hotel, near Bull's ferry, and there being much combustible material in the building the much combustible material in the building the entire structure was shortly consumed. A strong wind biew the faggots towards the adjacent docks and dancing platform, which were likewise destroyed. Several boats were in danger for some time, but were finally towed into the river without injury. The origin of the fire is yet unknown. The loss will probably reach \$30,000; fully covered by insurance. Fire companies rushed to save the edifice; but, of course, their efforts proved fruit-